

## HERE TODAY, GONE TO MAUI!

By Martin Felsenfeld

The following is a reenactment of a true story.

Last November, just as we were about to start Kathy Fay's afternoon class at Cypress College, I got a phone call, expecting that the message was to be some typical business call for Kathy. But instead, there was this one person on the phone (we will assume that it was a lady) who was telling me that my name was being picked out so that I could qualify for one of the following prizes: \$5,000 in cash, a Betamax recorder, and a trip for two to Hawaii. I was surprised to hear something like this happen to me, but at the same time, I was pretty nervous about it. I was wondering to myself: is this for real or are they making it up?

Unfortunately, when I got home from Cypress that day, my mother, who said that she heard the unexpected news as well, told me that it was a fiction of an idea. I wasn't heartbroken about it, but a few weeks later, they mailed me a listing of certain magazines that they were making me want to subscribe for, but I wasn't interested in any of them. The most disappointing thing about it, if any, was that we weren't going to be flying to Hawaii for less money.

However, things changed on the positive as soon as we got that obscene phone call. My brother Robert, and his then-girlfriend Mary Ann Sherlock, went to Hawaii last November, and even mailed us a postcard from there, was telling us that we should be going ourselves in April of this year. I've heard about Hawaii for years, and even seen it on television, but never in my 24 years of life had I ever gone to that state. The only time I had ever gone off the mainland was 1974, when we took a ferry to Victoria, British Columbia--the only year I ever was in Canada.

The idea for us to go to Hawaii actually started last year. Our long-time friend, Joe Paelaz, was in town, saying that for us to go to Hawaii wasn't a bad idea at all, considering that we were planning to go there in 1983. Thinking about running into so many girls in their bare feet over there, I was teasing my parents that I should be better off in Cleveland, Ohio. The plan at that time was to have me, my parents, my brother Robert, and Joe all fly to Hawaii about a few weeks from then.

But Robert decided that it wasn't the right time for him to go to Hawaii. Just as he was starting to talk about it, he ran into this lovely lady, somewhere in the wild blue yonder, who said that her name was Mary Ann Sherlock. He fell in love with her. Only a few months later, he and Mary Ann went out steady so much, they decided to get engaged to each other. No more running after other girls, considering that we had been also interested in Pamela, Faith, and Chris, and of course, Ruthie.

There were more problems for Robert and Mary Ann even after they got engaged. The first wedding date they had set up was March 10, 1984. But they moved it ahead of schedule to January 14. Then it was back to March again, and once more returned to January. And finally, it was OFFICIAL. They would be getting married on April 8, 1984. That was the last time they would be changing wedding dates and, hopefully for Bobby, Mary Ann would be the last girl he would ever live with.

For me, Hawaii wasn't the first out-of-town place I had in mind in 1984. In December of 1983, Grandma and I were talking about going to Miami for the second time when Cypress College was on a semester break, providing



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that Bobby and Mary Ann set up a final wedding date by January 7th. Needless to say, they didn't, and I already lost hopes of going to Miami for a second time.

But the Hawaii plans were to be staying with us, and how! My father was calling several different airlines, only to discover some problems along the way. The island we were planning to stay on was Maui, and most of the major airlines go to Oahu. And whatever planes did fly to Maui, most of their airline seats were sold out, leaving little hope at that time.

Consider the results of the airline turnout: United Airlines flew directly to Maui, but did not save at least three seats for us anywhere. Ditto Western Airlines, as well as American Airlines. It seemed that even in a year which would see Los Angeles crowded for the Olympics this summer, we would be all heartbroken (in 47 places) not to go to Hawaii.

And so I was saying to myself, "Hey, I noticed that Northwest Orient goes to Maui, so why not call them? Maybe this would be the answer."

Well, it wasn't easy, but somehow, they did manage to find room for four people, including Grandma, to fly to Hawaii for the first time ever. We were all relieved to see this happen to us! But even so, there were a few disadvantages about coming and going. Northwest Orient did not go to Maui, but it did fly to Honolulu, where afterwards, we would go on a smaller airline and take us to Maui. Disadvantage #2 was that Northwest's only flight coming home was that we wouldn't arrive in Los Angeles until a few minutes to midnight, and I haven't remembered coming home to our house that late since, well, my graduation from Loara High School way back in 1978.

The third disadvantage, after discovering about the place we would be staying at, was that Grandma decided not to go with us. Where we would sleep at did not have two rooms with two separate (thank God for that!) beds in each room.

But the important thing about it is, that at least us three--and a few hundred other friends--were to be going. As soon as we were assured about it, the next thing we had in mind is--which condominium were we going to be staying at?

The condo I wanted was to have a place in which at least two rooms had sleeping furniture in it. I obviously didn't want to sleep in the same room with my parents anymore, which has been that way since 1981 when I met Sandie Everson, so any one-bedroom and no-sofa condos were definitely out! And after all this talk about where to be sleeping, we chose a place called the Kahana Reef. It has, from what Bobby and Mary Ann were to tell us, a bedroom, a kitchen, a living room with a sofa, and, a beach which the living room actually faces. With that in mind, it might be possible that every five minutes, a new girl would be walking outside barefooted.

Knowing that I would soon be facing all those girls that would send my heart throbbing, I spent the next few weeks cleaning out house and getting it spotless as much as possible. I bought everything I needed for the trip from Jeopardy games to travelers' checks to two pairs of white pants. And I would be going to a beach city without having to think of guys annoying me on the bus this time, as it certainly was in 1980.



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April 17, 1984--La Habra/Huntington Beach, CA

One more day and I will be off the mainland for only the second time in my life! I don't think that I had ever looked so much forward in going to another city at any time than right now. Not even when I was making my return trips to New York did my heart ever go pitter-pat this much.

In any case, today was quite an interesting day to talk about. I took my blind cousin Toby Weissmann back to her Huntington Beach home this morning after she had slept at our house last night. She called for this special van to pick us up, but I wasn't expecting a ride until at least 8:30. The reason I am saying that is that I hoped to see Sandie Newton, formerly of "PM Magazine," host a cable TV show with another lady. But as if Sandie was expecting me to see her on TV, she would be heartbroken. Just before her show came, the van came to pick both Toby and myself up--at 8 in the morning.

The next thing after that was that when the van was going down Palm St., we ran into Barbara Cremisino, a girl who goes with me on the busses at least four times per week. Barbara, who was born in Minnesota, was the lady I had on my mind last night because the Twins embarrassed the Angels. About the only way I might have thought about Barbara tonight--she goes for beefcakes--was that I didn't see her at all, but the situation wasn't to be. And like myself, Barbara likes to keep a diary on what has been going on with herself from time to time.

As Toby, myself, and this driver who picked us up to take us to her house, I'll tell you about 30 or so reasons why I was totally looking forward to tomorrow: I packed seven different shirts plus two others to wear to bed; four pairs of pants (Mother wanted five pairs), four pairs of shoes, seven pairs of socks, six pairs of underwear instead of the eight Ruthie asked for when she was in town; three belts, one corduroy jacket because at the time, Robert and Mary Ann were saying that Maui would sometimes get cold at night; three pairs of pajamas, plus too many other numerous things to mention, including three boxes of matzohs!

In the black duffel bag in which we were going to be carrying on the plane, I put in my loyal games called Bingo and Jeopardy. Blame Mary Ann for having to make me buy the newly-printed Bingo cards, because for weeks, I've been trying to come up with the old ones in thrift shops, but didn't see them anywhere.

Toby and I got to her place at around 9:30 in the morning, and with the weather cloudy, I was pretty nervous as far as going to the beach was concerned. I was nervous about well-stacked madels, too--that's what I call any girls running around barefooted--for that after I saw one at 7 a.m., I would not see another one until almost 11 in the morning--and then some.

When I left Toby's house just a few minutes before 11 a.m., I went to the beach for a couple of hours, and to the surprise of practically no one--there were madels all over the place. It was, of course, impossible to count the entire set on the beach because for two possible reasons: I didn't have time for all of them, and it wasn't an essential to get so many at one time.

But strangely enough, those ever-so-lively madels weren't the most interesting thing of them all in this beach episode. It was this one place called the Captain's Galley, and I tried their cheeseburgers and french fries, and discovered that they had the best food in town! Take that,



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McDonald's and those guys who chant, "Where's the beef?"!

After I was finished with the beach, I stopped by at this thrift store called Deseret Industries, where, oddly enough, Shelley France once was an employee there. Unfortunately, they didn't have any bingo cards in that store, either, and the third-grade math book that I ran into was already taken by yours truly a couple of months ago.

So it was back to the bus for the last time until after coming home from Maui, and I was greeted by three or four "madels." Obviously, I was assured of ending it on a sweet note because I was going to tell my lively friends about it!

Despite all this interest I had on the way home, two things still did not go my way: I didn't get a newspaper in the mail, and I was going to take my Bingo set to Hawaii--but without the Bingo box. I wasn't going to be heartbroken for leaving the box home, but I realized that Dad needed space to put in his three boxes of matzo's. I took home a couple of noodle boxes from Toby's house, but Dad told me not to bring those boxes with me to Hawaii, either.

So much for getting 800 things packed up! Later on in the evening, we drove to Alan's new house in Placentia--Bobby and Mary Ann have Alan's old place now--for the second and final night of Passover. I saw my niece Rebecca, bare feet and all, and Rebecca said that she broke her foot today while going roller skating. I already have to feel sorry for my own niece to see that happen to her! Rebecca was considering not joining us for Passover because her foot was almost impossible to move at one time, but Alan somehow managed to help her get to the table. On Shirley's piano, I played my first and only song--"Karma Chameleon" by Boy George & The Culture Club.

We all realized that Bobby and Mary Ann couldn't join us at the Sader this year because they are in Maui right now, but we weren't surprised to hear from them a few times after last week's wedding. From what I heard, they probably said that the temperature in Maui, when the day was to be over there, expected to get into the low 60's. They even said that it was raining there, too! And now I was hoping that when we got there, I was hoping that the rain would stay away from start to finish.

Obviously, when we got home, I couldn't wait to get to bed so that I can imagine what it was like to be in Maui for the first time. And during the Sader, when one of us was reading a paragraph that had the word "Canaan" in it, they thought that it was pronounced "ka-non." But it is actually pronounced "kay-nen," because Carole King made up a song known as "I've Been to Canaan" years ago. And on that famed "Tapestry" album of hers, she, a Jewish singer, is disguised as a well-stacked madel!

April 18, 1984--La Habra, CA/Lahaina, Hawaii

For 24 years I have talked about, sang about, seen it on television, and even dreamed about America's 50th state--Hawaii. But never in all this time had I found myself there for real. Until today, of course. To get ready for a trip like Hawaii is like spending two weeks being prepared for the Super Bowl. And like the Super Bowl, you don't talk about anything but Hawaii.

Of course, we had long ago said that this was the day for us to do it,



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so it was obvious to make sure that we didn't leave anything we needed to take with us here. I still would have preferred to take Bingo boxes instead of matzoh boxes, but we would soon realize that when we get to the Kahana Reef later on in the day, we would have to bring our own foods with us. This place, foodwise, is not exactly the Las Vegas Hilton.

So after my nothing-to-it shower-and-shave number, I watched the Mouser-cise program almost every day since we got the Disney Channel installed. Of course, Mouser-cise was nothing to it, either, because every show I have seen in 1984 was taped last year and played back about five times already. Yet I am still not interested in giving up that program until something comes up that is so astonishing, she might be the first one to throw the Disney Channel out the window. But this hostess named Kell-lyn, who always remembered to take her shoes off just like her friends had (shades of Sandie Everson!), still managed to survive our outside world.

At 8:00, with this Airport Express bus Dad had called for the other day not expecting to show up until 8:30, I watched gymnastics on ESPN. The show would last for two hours, but of course, I didn't have time to see the entire show; in fact, I had said one of two things would happen: I would see four models on TV before 8:20, or that I already watched 20 minutes of the program. However, I would soon start getting my luggage out so that it can be picked up and shipped to Maui.

Just 16 minutes into the program, though, the bus had already come and I had to shut my TV off until next Thursday. And we would not be the only passengers on this bus going to Maui, we would soon find out. In recent weeks, the following people that I had either known or heard of had already found themselves in Hawaii in 1984: Bobby and Mary Ann, Michael and Ronni, plus the Alive & Well staff featuring Mike Jerrick, Linda Arkin, and Cathy Rigby.

Speaking of the name Cathy, I had long ago decided to wear Kathy Fay's Hawaiian shirt and burgundy sweater, both of them in which she got for me last year, on the airplane. About the only disappointment I would have was that we should have left last Saturday instead of today, so as to avoid missing a few classes. I even knew that next Thursday, Cypress College is planning to hold a Duck Pond Race and, with any luck, I hope to come home in time to see that event.

When we left our house at about 8:30 this morning, we were told that the driver was going to make about four more stops before finally reaching the Los Angeles Airport. The first couple he picked up after we got on was one who was visiting from Wisconsin--Green Bay, to be exact. I have at home a collection of newspapers from out-of-town cities, but I even told them that Green Bay, Milwaukee, and even Madison and Eau Claire are all taken. The only remaining Wisconsin city I was planning to write to was Kenosha.

About 30 minutes and no well-stacked models later (blame the cloudy weather!), we picked up this family whose daughter plays for a local soccer team. I didn't realize that she was only 13 years old, but I already had the feeling that my parents had found a girl for me. The girl's name is Shannon, but believe me, she's too young to go out on dates, I guess.

At least the good news for Shannon was, from what she told us, her soccer team was qualifying for a tournament in Hawaii next weekend. The bad news, though, was that the tournament was to be taking place in Honolulu. We weren't about to be wasting \$50.00 just to go island-hopping



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and see a bunch of girls play soccer. The least thing I probably said to Shannon was that I hoped that her team got to win the trophy!

Despite all those high hopes about the upcoming trip to Maui, I had a rough time finding madels anywhere. I only saw one, and not even she gave me a big impression. There were about six or seven beefcakes along the way, and I dedicated all of them to Barbara Cremisino, whose busy work at a pet shop in Stanton is probably the only reason she's not going to Hawaii.

We arrived at the L. A. Airport about an hour before our plane was to take off, so there was still ample time to get off to a pretty good start. Unfortunately, the madels had yet to come, but I wasn't totally pushing panic buttons anywhere. What I ran into instead was 20 people dressed in military uniforms who also was to be on our flight.

When the time came for the announcer to call on all 300 or so passengers to get on the plane (I don't remember seeing that many on an airplane before), I knew that we weren't going to be seeing the mainland again for the next seven days, and that this state, California, was to be the last we would fly over before Hawaii. We would be seeing outside the window for the next five hours nothing but blue water. Makes me wanna sing "Islands in the Stream!"

My father was telling me to sit with my parents at all times on the plane and not wander off unless it was a definite essential. It was true that I would face a whole bunch of madels when we get to Hawaii, but I wanted to see how many I could run into while being on the plane. And that, my friend, isn't easy.

As soon as the plane lifted off, or actually before we got off the ground, there was this one guy who was handing out free copies of a Waikiki Beach newspaper, in which I might consider adding to my collection, even though I already have a Hawaii newspaper (dated Oct. 3, 1982, when Sandie Ever-son walked outside barefooted in 33-degree weather in Big Bear!).

But after that, nothing special happened, except for getting stereo headphones with all those selections on it. Our teacher at Cypress College, Paula Fernandez, has a reputation for singing almost anything the radio has ever played since the 1950's. It would be obvious to note that if she was on this flight, you may as well hear her sing from the other end of the airplane. The only thing that was suitable for Paula, however, was this rock group called The Police. How they got a name for a group like that only they probably know.

When I finally got my chance to get up from my seat, which was about 1½ hours after we took off, I went to the bathroom and ran into four or five different girls with their shoes off--all the way (anything else is not considered as a madel).

It seems that I'm getting tired of writing long-page diaries when you realize the way Barbara writes hers, but before I got out of my seat for the first time, I noticed that one of the stewardesses actually changed shoes in front of me, but it was one at a time and the result was nothing to it.

Shannon, in the meantime, was probably enjoying herself and, even got some attention when her team, called the Yorba Linda Fillies, was mentioned on the loudspeaker. I'm not heartbroken that I was planning to



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sit next to Shannon but my parents could not, but I do remember a flight I took with my parents a few years ago. It was a Capitol Air Lines flight to New York for the first time in five years, and hoping that we three would sit next to each other, we could not. I ended up sitting next to a married lady named Michelle, and I can recall that both she and I took off our shoes in front of each other, and the result was a hot date between us!

Unfortunately, the confrontation between ~~my~~ and Shannon was anything but a hot date. I could almost not talk to her until about the time we got off the plane, which was around 3 p.m. local time.

At least I found one good omen--the movies. We saw a 1982 film that starred Anne Archer and some other people whose names I forget. In it I saw her with her shoes taken off (shall I call her Awesome Annie just for that?), and was cracking up when, as they were striking oil, got it all over their clothes. I guess that's similar to what female mud-wrestlers do!

I only needed to have my watch set once, and that was to Hawaiian time. And about 25 minutes before landing, I got to finally see what Hawaii was like in person. The scenery never looked so prettier! And let's not forget about reading a Sports Illustrated magazine on the plane that features the newest members of the San Diego team, Graig Nettles and Goose Gossage, both of whom played together with the Yankees for a number of years. They also made a mention of Ray Kroc, the owner of the Padres and McDonald's, who unfortunately passed away three months ago. Not bad for a flight in which we weren't even finished with.

Although our Northwest flight came to an end at around 2:50p.m., the adventure, like Frank Stallone sang, was far from over. We realized that those of us who wanted to go to Maui had to do so, and of course, our family happens to be part of that crowd.

We arrived at the Honolulu airport at about 3 p.m. local time, although it wasn't the way I totally hoped we would be greeted. There were no hula girls standing around barefooted to greet us with a lei--and a kiss. But they had a similar group who wore sandals and gave a nice welcome to the Yorba Linda Fillies soccer team, and I guessed they wished Shannon lotsa luck!

The first well-stacked model I did see as soon as we arrived in Hawaii came shortly after we got off the plane. Unfortunately, that turned out to be the only one of its kind and, to make matters worse, they had a few beefcakes which won't necessarily be mailed to Barbara. I won't exactly blame the fact that the weather is sticky out here, but, probably since World War II came to an end, Hawaii must have been rocked with warm weather for all those years. It's not uncommon to see hula girls wearing nothing below the ankles, because that happens to be a tradition here. And because I didn't realize that our second airline would take off for Maui sooner than we thought, so at 3:30 p.m., we got on an Aloha Airlines plane and took that to where we wanted the most.

Before we did get on the plane, they had a flock of TV sets to watch, which I did, but for a mere four minutes. And although they did have a booth that said "Air New Zealand" on it, which I definitely dedicated to Sandie Newton, I didn't have time to find out.

The Aloha Airlines plane ride didn't last long enough to make even one trip to the bathroom because we flew as if it were a taxi. It seemed



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that by the time everyone got on their seat belts, we had to get off again before we even knew it.

In the very short time of that flight, there were two things that caught my attention: the burial place of Charles Lindbergh, who flew that New York-to-Paris solo flight when Dad was only four years old, and this one magazine talking about the Hyatt Regency Maui hotel having a swimming pool which can get as many as 400 sun-bathers at one time. I guess that I'm already getting the impression that I only needed to see it once to discover that at least 75 madels would be there, yet I can only pretend that I could be with one when I fall asleep! And speaking of that, the Goddesses that I imagined that showed up for this trip are Dana Plato, Kathy Smith, and Sandie Newton.

I even thought about Jim Wenzel when I saw this article about the Hyatt Swimming pool. Like me, Jim happens to be a loyal fan of a girls-bare feet combination colliding at the same time, and I'm already looking forward to seeing it happen in front of me.

But before we even got to that, I had a rough time getting adjusted to Maui. I hadn't got inside the airport yet, and with the winds blowing at about 40 miles per hour, I already lost the Shamrock hat I was wearing on the plane. And I didn't have time to get down and run after it. I was so heartbroken to lose my cap that I told Dad that I would like to have another one as soon as possible. That's worse than having your ice cream cone stolen!

When we got here, my Dad was struggling with the airport situation that involved our luggage. We almost couldn't find a place to park, and we couldn't wait to get out of the sticky, windy weather so we could get a breather.

At around 4:30, this one van took us to one of the local rent-a-car places so we can decide which car was the best for us. I hoped it would be a 1976 AMC Pacer, but it wasn't to be. We ended up getting a yellow Nissan Sentra with the Hawaii license plate marked AVE 366 on it. Most of the cars in town have Hawaii plates on them, and I would be lucky to find one from any other state, hopefully California.

In the meantime, our luggage still wasn't ready yet, so as soon as we got it back to the airport after being given directions, we just had to sit and wait for it. When it finally arrived, we had to schlep our luggage to the car and get gasoline to fill the car up.

Even though I was still looking for that elusive first barefoot lady on Maui turf, I turned on my radio to hear Hawaiian music--not the kind you would be thinking about!--to radio station KUNI (900) and hear "Walk With Me" by the Eurythmics. Yes, my mind was on Paula Fernandez when I heard that song!

Unfortunately, my radio was about the only bright spot (actually, that was the car radio I was hearing) that came my way for the next 45 minutes. Maui was so new to us that, at one time, Dad even got lost. And what I ran into didn't help me find light at the end of the tunnel, either. There was a beefcake passing by about every ten minutes and my hopes were getting even dimmer before I ever got started. Maybe Shannon is the one who seems to be already enjoying herself now. Plus the fact that I had lost my Shamrock cap, but I won't blame that for not seeing any well-stacked madels.



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It wasn't until about 20 minutes to six, or almost an hour after our debut here in Maui that I finally saw that elusive first barefoot lady in this part of town. Bad news--where that pretty young thing made history in front of me is not the place my Dad was looking for. He was chasing after the Kahana Reef as if he was Pac-Man, but he ended up at another condo. How embarrassing--a lady with no shoes on and he says we're at the wrong place! As far as I'm concerned, he went to the right place!

So as one lady started to get the ball rolling, so did two of her lady friends, who also walked around without shoes. And then finally, at about 6 p.m., after schleping on one van and two airplanes, we arrived at the Kahana Reef.

The manager at the Kahana Reef gave us the key to the room we would be at until next Thursday, which turned out to be Room #408. And before I had a chance to relax myself--totally--for the first time since I left my own house this morning, we had to unload all of our ingredients and put them away.

And finally, I saw what the beach side of the place looked like, and to tell you the truth, folks, it was pretty interesting! There were seven or eight girls sitting by the pool wearing nothing below the ankles, and greeted them with Cyndi Lauper's new song, "Time After Time." (Cyndi happens to come from Brooklyn!) And it wouldn't take that long for Paula back on the mainland to recognize that song!

The room where I would sleep at has a TV set that contains five local TV channels, HBO although this set doesn't have it, CNN, WTBS, and USA. The only thing it doesn't have is ESPN, which doesn't surprise me. A couple of years ago, one of the ESPN announcers said that this state is the only one that doesn't get ESPN as of yet, and to this day, he's still right. Well, I shall assume that I won't be hearing from such lively announcers as Chris Berman, Sharon Smith, and Gayle Gardner, who stays up at 2 in the morning like only she would.

Robert and Mary Ann kept their promise at about 20 after 7, or 16 madals following my arrival here, by showing up at the condo for the first time in front of us. They, of course, were here all week for their honeymoon and with them flying back home tomorrow, they decided to take us to a fancy restaurant at the Hyatt Regency Maui. I was watching the Lakers-Kansas City basketball playoff game, and strangely enough, they were already in the third quarter, but then again, the time in Los Angeles is 9:20 p.m. There is a two-hour difference between here and L. A. So I can safely assume that most of the major sports events will have been already over by 9 p.m. here!

We left the condo some 20 minutes later and drove to the Hyatt Regency. I was hooked on the place from the moment I saw it! And even the drive to the place itself is pretty interesting too, because the place where Robert and Mary Ann stayed at all week reminded me of the apartments in Bayshore, way back in Long Island! Are you ~~shne~~ this isn't New York?

Oh well, we sat down at our table, about a half-hour after getting our seats ready, and all they did was talk about things that, even in the Barbara Cremisino-Sandie Newton era, don't particularly interest me.

Tell Barbara and Sandie that, despite the darkness, the Regency is awesome! I saw the swimming pool and the 400 or so chairs that I read about just a few hours ago. Also tell them that they have 20 different shops in which I may consider buying stuff for friends at home.



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Interestingly enough, I went to a shoe store (for one of the few times this year after going there so much for three years) and was asking the salesgirl, who was barefooted, if she had this thing called bottomless sandals. I first saw this ad in the Register a couple of months ago when they showed three models, er, madels, sampling out that strange product. Unfortunately, the salesgirl didn't have any bottomless sandals, nor had she ever heard of them, so I must have been the first to tell her. If they did have them, I would have bought a pair each for Kathy Fay and Paula Fernandez. I assume the salesgirl has heard of jellies, those so-called plastic shoes!

We came back to the condo at 10 p.m., and we all couldn't wait to get to bed because we've been up since 6 a.m. in La Habra. I didn't see so many madels on the first day, but I was stunned, considering the fact that Mary Ann, before the trip, recommended that my parents wear shoes in the water.

April 19, 1984--Lahaina, Hawaii

Not too long ago I had what might be regarded as the zaniest dream I had had in 1984. The dream occurred in January, and in it I dreamed that Kathy Fay, Paula Fernandez, Gail Grantham, Sherry Weimkirch, my on-again, off-again girlfriend, and a couple other girls were sleeping in this one room. Kathy, Paula, Gail, and Sherry, of all people, had all taken their shoes off, and the time was 2 in the morning.

Then suddenly, Kathy was demanding that, at 2 in the morning, I should go out with her to the Sizzler. And in real life, she's married! So as Kathy and I were "getting ready" to go out on a "hot date," at 2 a.m., you would never believe what happened next in the dream!

There were four or five people taking a ballet class in the wee small hours of the morning, and another strange thing was that it was daylight already at that time! But that's not all. They had about 100 people who said that they came from South Africa, with about 20 or 30 girls running around barefooted, and those people were marching around the campus! All of this craziness happening at 2 in the morning!

Next week at this time, in the real world, we'll be getting back home at 2 in the morning, but I will definitely be in a state of shock if Kathy Fay calls me at that time to, you guessed it!--take me out to the Sizzler.

This morning, I went outside to the small patio and discovered that--are you ready for this?--no less than 20 different girls walking outside barefooted before 8 in the morning! And I can't ever recall seeing so many madels at a time when most people are still getting ready to go to school or to work like this before! I guess this does remind me of the dream involving South Africa!

It's true that there were beefcakes as well, but the only way I could get a break from seeing 45 well-stacked madels before I even got a chance to shower was watch CNN News. I heard on the news that President Reagan was making plans to be in Hawaii this weekend, too! And strangely enough, his original idea was to make a stop in Maui, but he changed his mind and decided that this wasn't the time for him to be on the island of Maui. Walter Mondale better be elected president in November of this year!



HERE TODAY, GONE TO MAUI! (continued)

With Bobby and Mary Ann assumingly on their way home at just about now, it was us three that had to do it on their own. We made so many plans on what to do here these next few days, we simply didn't know what to do first.

And then we decided that, having already seen 23 madels before we even left the condo, we would go into town, facing a small shopping center in which we plan to do our shopping at. But before this happened, we drove to this one outdoor place which serves breakfast there. It happens to face the ocean whereas people can talk about anything they want and at the same time look at the clear blue water.

My newspaper choices at this breakfast place included the Honolulu Star-Bulletin, the Honolulu Advertiser, and the USA Today, which costs twice as much here than it does on the mainland (50¢ compared to 25¢). I had chosen the Star-Bulletin, but should have not, and it wasn't because I already have a Hawaii paper at home. I ended up getting a paper here that showed yesterday's date on it, so after I ordered my breakfast, I went back to the stand and got today's issue.

I wasn't sure on what I was going to do with the other paper. At Cypress College, where classes will resume next Monday, we have this lady named Marsha Jeffer who teaches an English class, but I remember her more for buying out-of-town newspapers every semester. It was Marsha who got me started in newspaper collecting, so perhaps I should save the wrong paper and give it to her when I return home.

The other possibilities were that I could give it to Ellen Kauffman, who is getting married in a few weeks, or Kathy Fay. Ellen, by the way, was in South Africa--for real, and my parents ended up giving me two papers from that country, even though I already have one--way before I heard of Zola Budd and her awesome bare feet.

Looking over at the sports section as we ate our breakfast, I discovered that Reggie Jackson hit a home run to lead the Angels past Minnesota, 9-2. The bad news, though, was that the Washington Capitals were eliminated by the New York Islanders, 5-3. The Isles would be embarrassed not to know that they won four straight Stanley Cups, and I only wished that the Rangers would win one, something they haven't done since my parents got engaged to each other! And that, my friend, was a long time ago!

But obviously, few people in this town are expected to talk about hockey. Maybe Wayne Gretzky, but that's about it. And following breakfast, we went across the street to Ben Franklin Drug Store, in which I previously heard by name only.

Not so anymore, I had found out. The first thing I saw was a barefooted salesgirl in that place, and I was stunned as if I never saw one before! With that being assured of, I was forced to buy something in the store, or I will feel embarrassed about it!

Well, since I hadn't bought a photo album for this year yet, that was what I picked up for myself, plus film and flashcubes. I also started to look for gifts for our friends back home, but the only essentials for now were all those photography ingredients. I used the first of five traveler's checks to pay for that stuff. And I was heartbroken that they didn't have any Bingo games in the store!

My mother, meanwhile, went into the dress shop near by, where a couple of madels, neither one of them being salesgirls, were walking on by.



HERE TODAY, GONE TO MAUI! (continued)

I can't remember exactly what happened, but it was believed that they had a magazine that featured an article on practically every female teenager's favorite idol--a singer who calls himself Boy George. My estimation is that if you ask 100 teenage girls in town on who their favorite singer happens to be, one out of every four will probably say that guy who likes to dress up like a girl, something I once wanted to do years ago. The others might respond Duran Duran, Billy Idol, the Eurythmics (can't spell that name!), and Michael Jackson ("Beat It!"), but as for me, I too am impressed with the Culture Club.

Because this is our first day here, the biggest essential of them all was having to buy food for the house. Unlike most places, they don't have a restaurant at the place where we're staying at, so you have to get your own food, and of course, pay for it.

So we went to this place whose store name is one in which only they know, but found it interesting, anyway, if that's what you want to consider newspapers. There were no madels coming and going during our stay, and the closest call to one was this one cashier who was taking her shoes and socks off, but it was one foot at a time and after taking one sock off, she heartbrokenly put her shoe back on.

The newspapers that this store carried included all three local ones from Hawaii, the Los Angeles Times, the San Francisco Chronicle (both taken!), the Vancouver Province, I guess, even though they didn't have any, plus one from the Phillipines. Normally I would reserve newspapers from places in which a lady, who had to come from the same region as the desired paper, had to kick her shoes off first, but because I got very few papers in the mail this month and had already seen a barefooted sales-girl at Ben Franklin this morning, I had no choice in adding a Phillipines paper to my collection. I can't recall this one lady on our own block at home, who was born in the Phillipines, had ever walked around without shoes in front of me.

Besides that Phillipines newspaper, the only one I could get because New Zealand wasn't there, we picked up such foods as soda, American cheese and ice cream, as well as a TV Guide for the upcoming week ahead.

Following our shopping we went back to the condo for a while, and it was at that time my parents decided on whether I should go to the swimming pool with them. I told them no, believing that if I ran into my father without a shirt on (he better wear one in front of me at all times, even in this part of town!), I guess I would feel heartbroken. In the last three years I wanted to make a comparison between my father and Sandie Everson, whom you should recall has a habit of taking her shoes off in the cooking class, and even in thinking about that today I feel stunned! Anyway, what I hoped was that each year, Sandie would have her shoes off in front of me--and her feet shown--more times in cooking class than I would see my father topless in a whole year. It worked each time, but it was never easy.

And the pattern continued to work as well; I already ran into 46 different barefoot girls before noon time had approached. I could always afford to take a break from hunting for madels anytime I wanted, so the only way to do that was watch the news and do crossword puzzles.

If finding madels on the beach wasn't enough, you'll never believe what happened next! There was a knock on the door, and I thought that my folks would show up. But instead of them, there was a maid who knocked on our



HERE TODAY, GONE TO MAUI! (continued)

door, indicating that she was getting ready to clean house. And before she went inside, the first thing she did was kick her shoes off! I think that they should send me to Cleveland to get away from this mess!

Oh well, at least I ran into that, too. I had no choice but to start my accounting homework which I brought with me on this trip, and my mind was on whom I would write to. Two people I am already assured of mailing out postcards to are Kathy and Paula, who heartbrokenly have to go back to work next Monday!

When my parents came in from the beach, I was "forced" to sit outside and wait until they joined me. And I'm not really considering that seeing madel after madel in the best part of the day is boring. That's what Hawaii is probably is all about.

Despite the fact that I bought the photo album earlier in the day, I felt that I should not start putting my 1984 pictures in there until we got home. For one thing, the agenda for the following week is a long one.

Included in this trip are a Polynesian show or two (don't worry about the price!), a Sunday brunch at the Regency Maui, more shopping for our family back on the mainland, and this glass-bottom boat which just might be pretty interesting.

When we arrived here last night, there was a notice about an upcoming luau party in town, but they said that it would cost us \$28.00 to attend such a thing like this. And I wrote, in graffiti language, "They (the hula girls) want you to be there or be square!" But Dad said, "Unfortunately, Marty, \$28.00 for a luau is not my cup of tea, so I guess I'll have to be square! You can always go to a luau with Toby back home, too."

The fact that we also bought a TV Guide at that same supermarket which had the Phillipines newspaper was not what you call a total essential. It should be interesting to note that, if we had come here last year as originally planned, I would have possibly watched the Richard Simmons Show, but even so, I would have counted the girls attired in bare feet only!

But it wasn't to matter now, for Richard Simmons was taken off the air in January, believing that people weren't interested in seeing him on TV at 6 in the morning in Los Angeles. Plus the fact that because we are in Maui and I saw what happened outside this morning, the only time you would have really needed Richard Simmons was when the weather was bad enough to keep people inside.

Another strange thing is that, where most TV shows are seen on the same night and same time, particularly in the Central and Eastern time zones, the case isn't so, here. Those who hoped to see a particular episode of their favorite show here because they read about it in one of the mainland papers, would have to wait one week before they get their chance. So that means we would see the same episodes here as we did last week.

Next week's agenda on the boob tube includes a luau party that is going to be broadcast live from Honolulu, and the only way we can see it is by luck! This luau is scheduled for next Friday, but you can assume that I will have gone home already, missing it as if I was heartbroken.

My parents, on the other hand, have already made new friends here. They met a couple in which the husband said that he was going to do a perform-



## HERE TODAY, GONE TO MAUI! (continued)

ance on a Santa Cruz,, Calif., radio station next month. I know that I have picked up out-of-town radio stations for many years now, but can't recall getting Santa Cruz on it! And about the only way I can possibly listen to that guy, who was planning to sing although it's not going to be like Paula Fernandez, is to get Sandie Newton and Barbara Cremisino off my mind.

Otherwise, we did practically nothing else talking about all day, except for CNN, eating dinner, and running into more and more well-stacked mad-els. I already discovered, after one full day of action here, that we may never again leave this place, 'cause it's so beautiful! It's a shame that Bobby and Mary Ann didn't stay long enough in front of us to see whether Mary Ann could have possibly have sent my heart throbbing or not. I already have A Las Vegas paper, anyway, so, except for their honeymoon trip here, I'll assume that nothing special happened to her. Bobby had her first, so it looks like I'll have to have my own girl, although it probably won't be Sandie Newton.

It probably won't be Valerie Bertinelli, either, but without even knowing it, I ran into her on television this evening. Channel 9, which is the CBS affiliate here, showed Valerie, a native of Delaware, in "I Was a Mail-Order Bride." It's the second time I saw this particular movie on TV, and I can recall that she was shown barefooted in it! Valerie did another movie on TV earlier this year called "The Seduction of Gina," but I was sick all week, meaning that the star of "One Day at a Time" had to be put on hold for a while.

And how would you like to be Russ Francis in that American Savings commercial he did on TV out here? This football player, who looks a lot like perhaps the island's biggest male heartthrobber to all those teenage girls, Magnum P. I.'s Tom Selleck, was shown lifting a Versateller machine and carrying it into the weight room! And I wouldn't be surprised one bit if Mr. T also did the same thing.

And in capping off this totally-awesome day (wonder if my Shamrock hat is on its way to American Samoa now?), I impressed Paula by picking up radio station KISA (1540) from Honolulu, and their first song of note I heard was "I Want a New Drug!" And for some strange reason, I also got a Reno radio station over here, after thinking that the only thing I could get was Hawaii airwaves.

If tomorrow morning starts out in about the same way as this morning, I may have a hard time leaving Maui, period. When I was in Vermont two years ago, we had thunderstorms that lasted up to seven hours and it was impossible to think about madels then. It will take me all night long just to think about every one of them I saw on this day alone.

### April 20, 1984--Lahaina, Hawaii

Oh, did I sleep well this time around! We finally saw what it was like to have totally perfect weather for 24 hours without complaining about rain, cold, high winds, or even clouds. And I can only blame Mary Ann for mentioning rain a couple of days ago when we called them, because yesterday, we didn't come close to that wet stuff which could cause you to postpone baseball games.

Speaking of that, I turned the TV dial to CNN News and let me tell you I ain't kiddin'. The weather was so bad in parts of the mainland that two or three ball games had to be postponed, and when this happens, I am heartbroken, not necessarily in seventeen places! But when a game



HERE TODAY, GONE TO MAUI! (continued)

was scheduled to be played in Canada but could not because of the weather, then I am totally heartbroken! That's because Canada had gone for years without major league baseball before they finally come up with the present-day Montreal and Toronto clubs. And Canada usually has the coldest weather in April when the baseball season starts every year.

So when I got up on the second day of this already-awesome trip, I got up and, what do you know! They came up with another set of 20 or so models before 8 in the morning. And at home, I happen to like this one girl in our classroom whose name happens to be Amber Giron. Amber will usually tell me in the afternoon class, "Marty, you better not daydream in this class and also don't talk about other girls in front of me!"

Amber, unfortunately, currently has another boyfriend now, but if she had found a way to cram in \$1000 or so as if we were on the Dating Game, and she saw what I was doing, she would get jealous here, too! And I'm not going to say that all of those models I saw just now I should pretend that they are all named Amber, Sandie Newton, or even Zola Budd, the long-distance runner who prefers to run barefooted (when I first heard about this, I felt that that was the time to break up with Sandie Everson!).

Thank god we've got more plans in this town to do than just finding well-stacked models. Like for instance, today's agenda included seeing this glass-bottom boat for the first time, followed by more shopping, and not to mention, a Polynesian show!

For the second day in a row and I do not know how many times they did this now, my parents went downstairs to do their daily beach walk. The temperature was about 76 degrees already and was expected to get up a few more, but nothing comes out easy anymore. All I could do was lie down until they came back upstairs, and even when they came back, I had to go outside. At least, this is better than watching Joannie Greggains and Charlene Prickett on TV!

Unfortunately, this day was to be different than any other for the first time in seven months. I ran into my father--topless--after he had come back from the beach, but I'm not going to say I'm heartbroken about it. When this thing happened, as I anticipated it would someday, all I could think about was Wayne Gretzky's 51-game scoring streak coming to an end, by the L. A. Kings, of all teams.

But the real unfortunate thing about it is that since that last time around, I "broke up" with Sandie Everson, and unless I accidentally run into her--with her shoes off--I guess she won't bounce back from it this time.

At least the girls on the beach did, and after only two days here, it sounds like I will already have surpassed the number I had seen barefooted on one vacation trip. Three years ago, when we flew to New York for my cousin's wedding, I saw 237 dressed like that, but we needed a lot of help from the television set and my own rules were different. Here it has to be what I see in person only, or, if any appear on TV, that has to be live, too, like that hula show they'll have on next week.

So in a day in which I saw my father topless at one time for the first time in almost seven months, I did see Cathy Rigby on TV's "Alive & Well." With the production season realistically over, Cathy, a former gymnast, was not shown barefooted in this episode, even in the segment that featured aerobics. I almost got to write to her back in January,



HERE TODAY, GONE TO MAUI! (continued)

but after having been sick for five days, I couldn't. And of course, she probably must have appeared here in town last month. If I wrote to her now, I'd tell her to stay at this place!

With or without Cathy Rigby, we left following her show and headed on down for the Lahaina Shopping Center. Can't remember exactly how many models I ran into now just for today, but I had no choice but to start buying more gifts, or I will be totally embarrassed!

After Dad had found his elusive parking spot, we started going into the stores. I wasn't really expecting to find barefooted salesgirls here, too, but I'll blame those who took their shoes off in stores that don't have what I want. And that would be the case for a couple of stores, but of course, that doesn't work all the time.

Still trying to find that elusive first-ever pair of bottomless sandals, I could not, but instead wound up with a gift that will get the attention of Paula. It happens to be a white tote-bag with a rainbow on the front side with Hawaii printed on it. It cost me \$10.00 after having seen the very same bag for a few dollars more. So it was that bag that gets to go to Paula instead of the bottomless sandals I had hoped to find.

And with the bag came a Hawaii key chain that was given to me by one of the salesgirls, and I thanked her for that. The problem is, I got a key chain for Hanukkah last year, and I didn't know what to do with the new one.

The rest of the time simply found us going into stores looking for more stuff to take back home, but practically nothing came of it. And I'm not talking about those salesgirls who sent my heart throbbing! But even when all doesn't go well, here's what I ran into before we started to get to where we would ride on the glass-bottom boat for the first time:

1. A Honolulu Advertiser newspaper dated Dec. 7, 1941, and there's no need to tell what happened on that particular date. Dad better know about it, because he was stationed in the Army during World War II.
2. This one place that resembled an art museum was so interesting that we went inside there for a few minutes. Our glass-bottom boat ride was not scheduled for us until about noontime, so there was ample time to see the museum for ourselves. In there they had a make-believe jail, and I surely hate to be in a place like this! In fact, it wasn't long ago that I once read that Dave Winfield of the Yankees spent a few nights in jail for stealing a snowblower in Minnesota!

Either way, I ended up enjoying the scenery there as well. Mother told us that we should meet Dad at this one place by 11:30 the latest, and I unfortunately had a bad ratio between models and beefcakes. I now saw five different barefooted salesgirls on this day alone, one of them working at an information desk, but I'll probably forget about her real soon.

Then following our museum fiasco we got ready to go on the glass-bottom boat, which will bring me back memories of Catalina Island a few years ago.

Indeed, they had about 75 people lined up for the ride, and one couple was visiting in from British Columbia, but I got newspapers from that place already. Can't recall seeing tourists from New York or what may be considered as Barbara's favorite place, Minnesota.



HERE TODAY, GONE TO MAUI! (continued)

When we elusively got our turn to get on the boat after 50 or so people already were on it, I already had discovered a fantastic scenery--for Barbara. Two or three beefcakes to start it off with, but at least I managed to be in town and the cheesecakes, by now, are getting to be countless. They told us that we should look down under and see about 600 or so fishes swimming all over the place. In fact, the most confusing part about the ride was that we were feeding them these crackers and being so excited about it, I accidentally started to take a bite out of one of them!

Then my father told me that those crackers were for the fish and not for human beings. Oh well, I guess that hula girls isn't everything, sometimes. And speaking of that, they had 8 or 9 well-stacked madels on this boat ride too, and the only reason my heart was going pitter-pat for them was because Amber Giron is not here. When they asked for volunteers to swim, I don't believe that any of the girls wanted to take a chance.

I certainly enjoyed the glass-bottom boat ride more here than I did at Catalina. Barbara, who at home said that she had never gone to Hawaii, will have to come here someday and see it for herself! Everything on it was beautiful--except, of course, for those guys who weren't wearing any shirts--the pretty girls, the fishes, the condition of the boat, the aqua-colored water, and I won't be surprised to hear someday that Mary Ann and Robert would be the first to tell us about this particular boat.

Our next order of business was to go back to the Kahana Reef, but not without buying a few more groceries for the condo, and a few more madels. So when we did return home to our temporary place, I went back to the patio, and taped the second half of my first-ever Maui tape.

Unfortunately for Paula, I could only get four songs recorded which should be familiar to her by now. The songs included "Twilight Zone," "Hello!" (that should be Kathy Fay's favorite in honor of a "Hello?" expression she uses all the time), "Let's Hear it for the Boy," and "Uptown Girl," whose video has Christie Brinkley featured in it! Everything else I recorded was the news and a bunch of local commercials, none which ring a bell.

And if our morning shopping wasn't enough, the next thing we did was go back out into town for the second time already so that we could do--you guessed it!--more shopping! Let me ask you, why do such a thing like this when I already saw four or five barefooted salesgirls, which seems to be the only thing in town? Perhaps it's because we don't have enough food in our condo, and we didn't want to sit all day, watch TV, go down to the beach six or seven times in one day when I only need it once. I mean, if we moved to this place, I will certainly start looking for a job, because I know for sure that madels will be there when I come back.

But since I can't stay in the condo by myself when they leave the premises, I guess I had to go with them. And about 20 minutes after our arrival, Mother walked into this one shop in this new village that I never saw before, and it was what you call an "I don't deserve it!" kind of a place.

You see, even if I see any salesgirls here that wear stockings, they had better wear shoes because anyone in nylons would not count! Unfortunately plans don't work out all the time. I observed two of their salesgirls wearing stockings but no shoes, and I got the impression that they would not leave me alone with their stocking feet!

Yes, I even was thinking about Gayle Gardner, the ESPN sportscaster who



HERE TODAY, GONE TO MAUI! (continued)

is best known for working at that studio in the middle of the night. Not even Dad stays up that late to watch TV on weekends!

I didn't know what to do now, but I guess I'll blame those salesgirls who were running around in their nylons for ruining the whole schmeel. And as if I was facing heavy pressure for having to buy something, I did ask one of the workers if they sold bottomless sandals but did not, either. I even mentioned that I was volunteering at Cypress College back on the mainland. Whether they had ever heard about Cypress I don't know.

I felt somewhat relieved when one of the salesgirls put her shoes back on, but the other simply couldn't. Not only did that fail to happen, but if she surprisingly told me that she had a crush on me--no boyfriend or husband--maybe I'll have to get all my newspapers shipped from the mainland and brought over here!

Mercifully, we left that place about 18 minutes after we got in, and I had to go to the bookstore and buy anything that had numbers in it. They did sell papers, but none came out of Sandie Newton's favorite country called New Zealand. After seeing books that included the 1984 World Almanac that was published for one of the Alaska newspapers, which, of course, is taken--the almanac and the Alaska paper!

To avoid a total embarrassment, I bought a book called "Extended Rate Loan Payment Tables," which cost me about \$4.00. It's a numbers book, all right, meaning I had to take home at least one flock of numbers out of Hawaii!

As for Dad, he got in line to buy an ice cream cone, or something like that. In line with him was a well-stacked madel, so I got both she and my father in the same picture on my camera! I also saw some sea shells that were imported all the way from Japan, plus construction all over the place, and I would let Barbara Cremisino be the first to know about beefcakes.

But we weren't even finished with that place yet. Downstairs, they had more lively ones in the restaurant talking about their business in which I probably won't remember for the rest of my life. Before we entered that flattering store with the salesgirls dressed as if it was Albert's Hosiery, I went into this T-shirt store, looking for stuff to get for Kathy.

Included in that shop were the familiar teenage idols of Duran Duran, Michael Jackson, and Boy George, and also "Where's the Beef?" The fact that there were no barefooted salesgirls there was not why I decided it wasn't the time to get Kathy's present, because I already have Paula's.

The next place we went to was this liquor store, which was an essential to Mother, because she needed her items for the condo. And then after that was the dress shop that I really didn't need to go in!

We did get out of this clutter at about 3:30 following our second portion of shopping, but just as I thought we were going to be back at our place for several hours before the Polynesian show, guess again. Dad now wanted to stop at the Hyatt Regency Maui for a few minutes, which really means a few more madels, because he wanted to see a friend of his that makes some agreements to ship meat to Dad's place. He and his friend must have talked to each other by phone only, because neither probably had time to go to the other's place.



HERE TODAY, GONE TO MAUI! (continued)

What's more, Dad was even saying that Nancy and David Kahakauwila (how would you like to have California Angels' radio announcer Bob Starr, who is known to spell out last names of baseball players, try out this one?) have a relative--David's mother, live out here! On the first day we were in town, he showed us the location where David's mother works at. And David better know about it, because he was born in Hawaii more than 30 years ago!

It was around 4 p.m. when we got to the Regency, but I really didn't need it, but we ended up seeing a portion of the swimming pool anyway, something that I honest-to-goodness didn't deserve! Gimme a break!

And if Dad was reading my mind sooner or later, he finally felt like saying to me, "O. K. Marty, we'll take a break from this (models and beefcakes). When we get back to the condo, I would like you to shower, change your clothes, and bring your camera, because I do like you to take pictures of the hula girls when they get on stage." O mi god, in Valley Girl expression!

We did all that stuff, so it was off to this place which happens to be located near the Kahana Keyes restaurant, not far from where Bobby and Mary Ann just stayed before they heartbrokenly left.

We ordered some dinner just to cool it with models until the hula show was to get underway, but obviously that didn't work, either. I went to their giftshop and asked for a New Zealand paper but didn't carry any at all. Frustrating, considering that I've been asking for New Zealand since last August!

Even my camera in which I really wanted to get in hula girl pictures first, I could not. Dad requested that I get one of Mom standing next to a giant Easter egg covered with chocolate, and I did. Then after seeing about 13 more lively ones running around with no shoes on at all (of course, we're talking about girls!), we mercifully got into that special room with the hula show.

Then, when the hula dancers finally got to take center stage, I had to cram in six pictures of a row, because I never realized what snapshots might come after that. Only three different girls or so appeared in the program, but that was good because I didn't want to get confused and suffer the embarrassment of counting one girl three times.

As for the outfits, they dressed in costumes that pertained to Hawaii, Tahiti, and New Zealand, which I obviously said that that was the best. And you probably know why, in two words--Sandie Newton.

When the show ended at about 10:00 p.m., and the total number of models turned out to be a whopping 133--for this day alone, I think that I may have climbed the highest mountain ever with girls on a road trip. Not even in the first Passover night of 1980 when I had a picnic with this girl named Francine did I ever declare this day as totally awesome!

April 21, 1984--Lahaina, Hawaii

Toby Weissmann, a blind cousin of mine who was born in New York more than 30 years ago, has a reputation for wanting to know every detail on what happens in this world all the time. Only Sandie Newton and the National Enquirer seem to know more stuff than Toby. But just because Toby is blind does not mean I don't wish that she wasn't in town with us. After all, I last saw her on Tuesday morning when that special van took her



HERE TODAY, GONE TO MAUI! (continued)

back to her Huntington Beach home, but not before we saw Barbara Cremi-sino from the Great State of Minnesota walking to the bus stop.

If Toby, on the other hand, was here, and she wanted to know what events were taking place here in town, just let it be said that she wants to know. Consider the agenda for Maui according to the magazine titled, "This Week in Maui":

1. Today and tomorrow, they have that Polynesian show, along with a luau, at the Royal Lahaina Resort in Kaanapali. Of course, we had already gone to another kind of Polynesian show last night, but Dad was not interested in spending \$31 for that!
2. From today until April 26th they have Lahaina Galleries Exhibitions located at the Kapalua Gallery in the Kapalua Bay Resort on 123 Bay Drive. Not interested!
3. The ever-so-awesome Hyatt Regency Maui is host to the 1984 Grand Masters Tennis Tournament, but if we told Aunt Beverly, a loyal tennis fan herself to come out just to see guys serve the ball back and forth, she would just love it for the world!
4. Bill Cosby, perhaps one of the greatest comedians ever to appear on television anywhere, is in town tonight at the Hyatt, but who wants to pay \$75 just to get 400 crackups about him? In fact, before we knew it, Dad was talking about going over this evening and seeing him in person.
5. Zoo 'Fest '84, something in which I probably never heard of, and I guess I will probably never be really interested in, not even if Barbara or Amber was here.

Actually, I was only mentioning those things because I wanted to find out what it was like to talk about anything other than well-stacked models. For the third straight time, and it seems like we're going to have this every morning, those lovely ladies continued to walk outside barefooted by what I call two o'clock in the morning, if that's what you want to consider 7:30.

What else could I possibly do in our condo besides watching girls go by? I can't dust the tables like I do at home, because the place doesn't have dust rags, and we didn't bring any. I also can't wash the windows because the maids will probably take care of that, too. I can't even mow the lawn outside, one of Dad's loyal household jobs, because that is reserved for some other guy.

With all this liveliness happening outside, it wouldn't be a bad idea to move to Newport Beach someday, because for one thing, I will probably already have a big smile on my face before 9:00 every morning!

But thank God that hula girls isn't the only thing on our agenda today. Dad's plans, if not Bill Cosby, were to see portions of Maui in which almost no one thinks about. This included brooks, gardens, and forest trees in addition to even more shopping. If we keep this up with shopping, we might be running out of money before we get back home!

Assuming that it was the same old story as it was the first few days here (we're talking about maids taking their shoes off before entering the rooms, CNN Daily News, and so on), let's simply go on to what was



HERE TODAY, GONE TO MAUI! (continued)

on today's schedule. Included in it were seeing famous landmarks on this side of town, going to a local drug store--minus Huey Lewis & The News, of course!--and even more window shopping.

So it was first off to the famous landmarks and Dad was demanding that I bring both cameras with me. I took seven pictures of hula girls last night and was hoping that there would be more hula girl photos in this roll of film than anything else.

Dad said about it, "Marty, not every picture in your camera is going to have hula girls in it. There are other pictures to take in it besides those so-called well-stacked madels. We'll be here for a few more days, so accept whatever you can run into." I wasn't about to be heartbroken about it, but now I should have thought about Mary Ann.

Since Bobby married her a couple of weekends ago, I started to feel kind of eerie about it, because for one thing, I am the only member of our close family who is not married. Bobby once was wed when he was 24, but it was to Ruthie. Alan took Shirley for good at the age of 21. But as long as I see madels here, I vow not to tell Mary Ann about it. She, like Ruthie, may start asking me when it's time to settle down.

One place we stopped by today was this one sight in which I know Mom would love to the bottom of her heart. It's called a brook, and I bet she can recall seeing brooks in Vancouver and San Luis Obispo.